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which their chieftain had offered me as a souvenir, for we had to travel by automobile. But I accepted two rarer gifts, and these heirlooms to boot. They were an ancient wood-carved coffee mortar, which had been in the possession of Sheykh Tai's family for generations. This pledge of his affection and friendship (as he called it) he had wrapped in an equally precious gift—three pieces of black cloth, artistically embroidered in gilt-silver thread, with verses from the Koran in Arabic calligraphy. They were choice pieces of the Ka'aba, which Sheykh Tai's great-grandfathers had brought many years ago from Mecca.

Loath as I was to accept such precious gifts, I was constrained to do so.

"We are brothers," said Sheykh Tai'. "Like the wolves. God be with thee. May He direct thy footsteps some future day into my dominions, so that I may meet thee again."

After bidding farewell to this wild, romantic and noble man, we cruised about in our old motor-car for five days along the southern foothills of the Jabal Sinjar, visiting the camps of various lesser tribes. Motor fuel we obtained from their *shiyukhs*.

Nowadays, nearly all of them own motor-cars, and on their migrations they carry a fairly large stock of gasoline with them on their camels.

At last we reached the wide plain through which runs the old historic caravan route from Deyr ez-Zor to Mosul and Baghdad. There we found the first outposts of the Shammar, and there also we parted from the faithful Ibrahim. I paid him handsomely and sent the

[See pp. 163-167 Cat. 116 for explanation of this statement—Analyst]